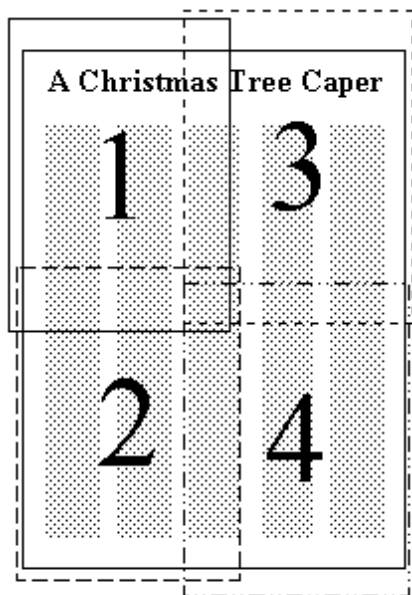


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



**TERRY**

## THE TIE THAT BINDS

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"THEY call it a service party," my mother said. I glanced at the kitchen wall clock and sipped my breakfast coffee. "I'm not in the service"

"That isn't exactly what the word service means in this case, Jimmy," she said. "You see, everybody donates three hours of his time to somebody else's service. We all put our names inside of plain envelopes and then put them in a big cardboard box. Then we mix them up and everybody who put an envelope in has a chance to take one out."

My father peeked out from behind his newspaper. "Don't let her talk you into anything, son. Hold out, like I do. You may feel guilty, but on the other hand you get more rest."

My mother buttered a piece of toast. "The principle behind it is to get acquainted with your neighbors and at the same time to get some work done. Last year your father got Mr. Sorenson's name and he made him clean our attic."

Father folded his newspaper. "But on the other hand, Fred James down the block got my name." He looked unhappy just thinking about it. "Now there's an attic that was really cluttered."

I put down my empty cup. "I couldn't possibly make it anyway, mother. I've got to spend all day in court."

the humidior. "How about having her clean the attic? It sure needs it."

I considered it. "That's it exactly. It's good exercise for a growing girl."

"Now, Jimmy," my mother said. "Let's not lose our heads. The thing for you to do is to call on her and find out just what she can do for you. She's quite good looking, you know."

I lifted an eyebrow and studied her. "I've got a suspicion that there's been some envelope jiggling."

My father leaned forward. "How about that, Martha?"

My mother decided to empty several ashtrays into the silent butler. "I picked Mrs. Evans," she said. "I believe I'll have her do my ironing."

She finished and then looked at me brightly. "I'll finish supper and then you'll go over to her house. Right?"

I looked at her and then smiled. "Right. But I warn you that nothing will come of this."

At 7:30 I went to 837 N. Maple, a white bungalow with green trim.

The middle-aged woman who

suspect that some envelopes have been jiggled."

Her mother smiled at me. "Why don't you sit down, Mr. Winters?"

"All right," I said. "But I'm prepared to be hostile."

"Mother," Nan said. "He's got my three hours and I've got three hours from a Mrs. Jenkins. Perhaps I was supposed to get Mr. Winter's hours instead? Was there some slip-up?"

"Oh, no, dear," Mrs. Hastings said. "That would have been too much of a coincidence and you'd get frightfully suspicious. Besides, I'm having the Canasta club here next week and Mrs. Jenkins bakes wonderful cakes. You'll remember that, won't you, dear?"

### HER FACE BRIGHTENED

"Miss Hastings," I said. "Just what are you capable of doing in three hours?" I thought that over. "What I mean is, how do I get my money's worth?" I thought that over, too. "Well, just what am I supposed to do with your three hours?"

"Call her Nan," Mrs. Hastings said. "Why don't you two go to a movie?"

Nan looked at me. "I can't think of a thing. I expected to be baby-sitting or something like that."

We were silent for a while, and

## SHE LOOKED AT HER FATHER

"Well," she said slowly. "You don't exactly have to be there in person this afternoon. Just put your name on a slip of paper and I'll take it along." Her eyes went to my father and then back to me. "I really think that this family should be represented by at least one male member."

I wiped my fingertips on the napkin and grinned. "All right. I give up. Where's some paper and an envelope?"

I spent most of the day in court representing my clients and I got back home at 5 o'clock.

My mother handed me an envelope. "The party was quite a success," she said. "Here's one I picked out for you."

I tore open the envelope and read the violet paper. "I get three hours from a Miss Nan Hastings," I said, "of 837 N. Maple."

"Why, that's fine," my mother said. "Such an attractive girl."

I put the paper back into the envelope. "That brings up an interesting question. Just what am I supposed to do with the three hours she's giving me?"

My father filled his pipe at

answered the door had a twinkle in her eye. "Why, Mr. Winters," she said. "Come right in. I'm Mrs. Hastings."

She led the way into the living room. A girl in her early 20s was seated at a table before several opened books.

"This is my daughter, Nan," Mrs. Hastings said. "She's in her last year in college and so far all she's gotten is an education." She sighed. "I believe girls these days simply don't have the get-up-and-go that we did."

Her daughter put down her pencil and looked at me. Her eyes were gray and I detected what was apparently a family twinkle in them.

"How do you do," I said. "I believe you owe me three hours."

Mrs. Hastings smiled at me. "My daughter does entirely too much studying. She should get out more. She's 21 and my how time flies, doesn't it, Mr. Winters?"

Nan's eyes met mine. "Let me take a wild guess. You're the James Winters who's a lawyer, single, cheerful disposition, bright prospects, and whom my mother has been mentioning frequently and pointedly."

"I don't like to brag," I said.

Nan turned to her mother. "I

then I cleared my throat. "Well, I guess we'll just have to forget about it."

Mrs. Hastings held up a finger. "Just one moment. I'll think of something."

We waited patiently until Mrs. Hastings' face brightened. "Jimmy," she asked. "Do you like tying your bow ties?"

I considered that. "No," I said warily.

"Good!" she said, her voice triumphant. "In other words, it's work for you." She turned to her daughter. "Why don't you tie his bow tie for him?"

"Mother, dear," Nan said, suppressing a smile. "That takes only a few minutes. I owe him three hours."

"Well, dear," her mother said. "You could tie it 40 or 50 times. Not all at once, of course, but on successive nights, for instance."

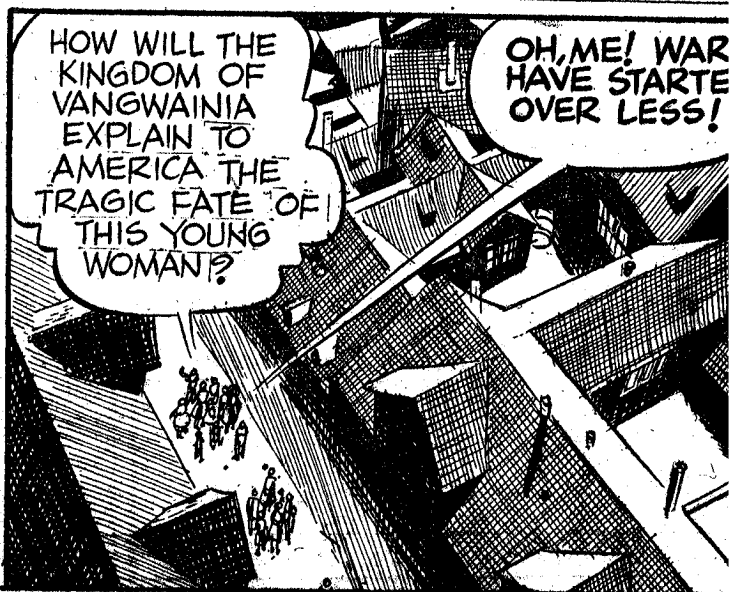
"Devilish clever, Mrs. Hastings," I said.

"Fine," she said. "That takes care of that. Now why don't you two go to a movie?"

Nan and I did just that. We had a sundae afterwards and I let it be known that I would bring my tie over frequently.

When I got home, my parents were still up and reading the newspaper with practiced innocence.

## BRENDA STARR



...IT WAS PRETTY UNFAIR OF YOU TO HIDE OUT IN YOUR OLD BACHELOR OFFICERS' QUARTERS. AFTER ALL, I'VE CONDUCTED MY CAMPAIGN IN A LADYLIKE MANNER...



...I EVEN ADMIT I LOCKED THAT DOOR YOU ARE FUMBLING WITH.



# T BINDS

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We waited patiently until Mrs.

## The Neighbors

By George Clark



"I don't know how far it is to town, but it's fifty cents on the bus, if that helps."

A collection of nearly 100 selected cartoons from The Neighbors now on sale at NEWS Information Bureau—or by mail—10c

I got an apple from the refrigerator and sat down in an easy chair.

Finally my father put down his

thing, and yet when I reached in . . . She stopped.

My father grinned. "By the way, son," he said. "While you're

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
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Club 11-5

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I got an apple from the refrig-  
erator and sat down in an easy  
chair.

Finally my father put down his  
paper. "I'm getting sleepy, so  
I'll come right out with it. What  
happened?"

"Nothing much," I said.

"More specifically, are you  
going to see her again?"

I took another bite of the apple  
and savored it. Then I said,  
"Yes."

They both exhaled sighs of  
relief.

"About this service party," I  
said. "The returns haven't all  
been made known. For instance,  
mother, you have three hours  
from Mrs. Evans. Who got your  
three hours?"

She looked slightly unhappy.  
"Mrs. Wilkins. I'm doing her  
washing next Monday."

"Aha!" I said. "Some retribu-  
tive justice remains in this world  
for people who jiggle envelopes."

I finished the apple. "One other  
thing. Who got the three hours  
I contributed?"

My mother distinctly blushed.  
"You know," she said, "it's really  
quite a coincidence. There were  
all those envelopes and they  
looked practically alike. They  
were all mixed up and every-

thing, and yet when I reached in  
... She stopped.

My father grinned. "By the  
way, son," he said. "While you're  
cleaning the attic for your  
mother, see if you can find my  
old casting rod. I seem to have  
misplaced it somewhere."

THE END

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each childish saying printed. Un-  
accepted manuscripts cannot be  
returned. Address "Bright Say-  
ings," THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St.,  
New York 17, N. Y.

Having given my nephew 10  
cents for running an errand for  
me, I said, "Now, Timmy, don't  
spend this all at the candy store."  
"Well, Auntie, where else can I  
get so much for so little?" he  
said.

C. F.

Manhattan

"Junior, what present should I  
get Cousin Mark for his birth-  
day?" I asked my small son. "Oh,  
any kind of game will be all  
right, just as long as you need  
two persons to play it," said  
Junior.

E. G.

Brooklyn

